

manic stripper dream girl by thottiedottie

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Modern: No Powers, F/M, Porn With Plot, Smut, Stripper AU, el and mike are both in college

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2021-06-05

Updated: 2021-06-14

Packaged: 2022-03-31 14:23:16

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 3

Words: 3,734

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

el hopper is a stripper, collecting tips in cash. it's not how she wanted to live her life, but college isn't going to pay for itself, and she doesn't have any family to rely on, having aged out of the foster care system just one year before. mike wheeler is a nerdy virgin who can't get a girl to look twice at him - so why not pay? it's the perfect arrangement, until they both start catchin' feels.... an alternate version of manic pixel dream girl. instead of being a webcam girl, el is a stripper, and one day, shy mike is roped into going to the strip club to celebrate his friend dustin's 21st birthday.....read tags. don't like don't read.

1. Chapter 1

Mike had no idea what he was doing here.

“Holy fucking shit!” His friend Dustin was practically agape, gawking openly at the bleached blonde who was currently doing the upside down splits on the stage in front of him. “I can totally see her p- ”

“ *Dustin!* ” Mike grabbed at the birthday boy’s glass. “I think you’ve had enough.”

Dustin resisted, jerking the drink back into his grip, splashing the liquid all over. “What? No way, I just started.” He took another swig. “It’s my 21st birthday!” he bristled defensively, shouting to be heard over the loud, thumping music at Mike.

“Yeah, come on Mike, lighten up!” Lucas shouted in his other ear. “C’mon, bottoms up! Next round’s on me!”

Fine. Maybe if he just got shit-ass drunk enough, Mike would stop feeling so awkward. He could count the number of times he’d been to house parties on one hand, and since Mike’s own 21st birthday five months, he’d gone to maybe two bars. He’d never been in a nightclub in his life, let alone a *strip club* .

Yet here he was, sitting around a table (a private table, no less) at the Miss Kitty Ultra Club, in the smoky dark, surrounded by what appeared to be an endless montage of both The Weeknd songs and topless bleached blondes. The smell of cheap cologne, booze, and a

faint whiff of stale urine made Mike want to choke, and he chugged the rest of his drink along with his friends in the hopes that getting drunk might at least make the night go faster.

It had started off as a stupid joke, or so Mike had thought.

“How about a strip club, then?” Lucas had suggested, after Dustin had shot down every single one of their birthday plan ideas.

“Fuck it,” Dustin had said, “Why not?” Dustin had never had much luck with girls (not that Mike had either. Not that any of them did, really). “If I’m going to die a virgin, then at least I won’t die without having seen a nipple!”

Will was the only one of them who’d had the good sense to absolutely refuse.

Should have just tapped out at dinner like Will, he thought. I’m so bored, this music is making my head hurt, and these drinks taste like crap.

The music, at least, thankfully started to fade as the bleached blonde who had done the upside down splits went to collect the cash strewn on stage.

Dustin was on his feet, finger-whistling loudly. His face was red and flushed; the boy was shitfaced. Mike couldn’t help but be amused despite himself. He was glad his friend seemed to be having a good time, at least. He deserved it.

Dustin, Mike, Lucas, and Will had never been the most popular at school. Going into college, that hadn't changed much. (Once a nerd, always a nerd, right?) Most of their gatherings generally consisted of hours-long D&D campaigns. As they got older, they also incorporated beer and booze into the mix, but that was as rowdy as their group generally got. It was nice to be with his friends in a different setting (okay, a *radically* different setting) and do something that was maybe kind of... *edgy* ?

At least, *not nerdy* , anyway.

The lights in the entire place suddenly dimmed, and a breathy, high-pitched feminine voice cooed, "We heard.....it was *someone's* 21st birthday today...."

As if on cue, the strobe lights began to pulsate, and three shadowy, curvy figures approached their table. All three were topless, clad in nothing but tiny, neon thongs and body glitter.

"It's me!" Dustin threw his hand up eagerly, and all three girls swarmed over him, gyrating in unison. All Mike could see was the top of Dustin's curly mop of hair.

After awhile, the girls eased up on poor Dustin, who looked like he had all but cum in his pants (and perhaps he had, Mike wouldn't be surprised), and began to spread out to the rest of the group. One went over to Lucas, who looked cool as a cucumber, as if he had been in a strip club dozens of times before, and the other went over to Mike.

Mike swallowed, hard.

It wasn't that she wasn't hot, because she was. She was voluptuous and almost Amazonian, curvy with a huge, firm ass and hips that were so large they didn't seem natural. In 5 inch pumps, Mike was sure she'd be almost as tall as he was. Good thing he was sitting down.

She didn't waste any time, unceremoniously thrusting her ass into his face and gyrating in a repetitive motion.

"Woah, I uh..." Mike coughed. "Yeah, okay - "

"What's the matter, honey? This your first time?" She winked at him, and held out a perfectly manicured hand out expectantly.

"Oh, right." Mike handed her a twenty. "Um...thanks."

And just as unceremoniously as she had shimmied her way onto his lap, she shimmied her way out of it. But Mike hardly got a breath in edgewise, as she was almost immediately replaced by the third girl.

Mike was about to make some lame excuse to go to the restroom when her tiny hand came to rest gently on his shoulder. It almost felt like she was steadying him, as if she could tell how nervous he was.

“Hi,” she said simply, a soft smile on her face. The first thing Mike noticed was she had the cutest dimples. The second thing Mike noticed was that her breasts were covered in glitter and hovering deliciously over his face.

Mike’s mouth opened and a squeaky sound came out and then it closed again.

He was pretty sure he’d forgotten how to speak, all the blood draining from the speech centers in his brain straight into his dick.

She giggled, apparently charmed by the slack-jawed idiot thing. “Do you want a dance?”

Mike’s head almost fell off his shoulders, he was nodding yes so eagerly.

She giggled again, and started to gyrate against him. She had her legs between his, straddling his left thigh and *grinding*, her perky breasts bouncing in tune to the music. They were inches from his face but somehow never touched him. “You can look,” she winked at him, dancing, “But touching will cost ya extra.”

Some kind of insanity must have come over Mike, because he almost started to ask, “How much extra?” when the song ended, and so did her dance.

Mike was vaguely aware that the two other girls were making their

way back to the stage and she was pulling away too. At least he still had the good sense to fish the bills out of his pocket. He grabbed a twenty, and then two more.

“Thanks for the dance...”

She rewarded him with the sweetest smile, and then held out the string of her thong at the hip. “Here. You can put it in my thong,” she giggled.

He hoped it was too dark for her to see the trembling of his hand as he gingerly put the bills in place, as if she would melt underneath his touch. Then she was turning away.

“Wait - ! Your name - what’s your name?”

She turned back around with a wink. “Eleven. Come back and see me sometime.”

With that, she disappeared off stage, with all the rest.

2. Chapter 2

At first he'd returned with Dustin. His friend had gotten too drunk to speak the night of his birthday and Mike and Lucas had had to practically carry him back into Mike's car.

On any other night, Mike would have spent the whole drive to Dustin's worrying about whether or not his friend might puke in his car, but instead, Mike found his thoughts kept wandering back to "Eleven."

So when Dustin proposed going back to Miss Kitty's the next weekend to Will's disgust and Lucas's groan, Mike was surprised to hear his own voice saying, "Yeah.... I mean - why not? It might be fun."

He tried to keep his voice nonchalant. Dustin's face lit up but Will and Lucas exchanged raised eyebrows and glances.

"See? Mike gets it!" Dustin exclaimed, excited to have someone on his corner on the issue.

Of course, Mike thought Will and Lucas were right. The club had been horrible and sleazy, the drinks were overpriced and watered down, the place smelled like urine and depression, and the strobe lights hurt his head. Mike would have never gone back to that club.

Except for one reason.

"You just want to go back for that stripper!"

Mike looked up guiltily but Lucas was looking at Dustin.

"Her name is *Candy* ," Dustin wasn't even trying to deny it. "I'm telling you guys, she really liked me man! We're even following each other now on social media. Why would she add me if she didn't want to stay in touch?"

"You idiot - she added you to her *OnlyFans account* !" Will made a face, incredulous.

"Still counts...." Dustin mumbled. "Anyway, the important thing is,

Mike at least has some sense of real fun. You two can stay here this weekend and play nerdy board top games. Mike and I are gonna party.”

///

Well, it wasn't exactly partying.

Mike was taking long sips of cheap whiskey, getting progressively more and more shitfaced with every shot.

Dustin's girl, Candy, had come on stage to dance at least two times now, but there was still no Eleven.

Mike took another swig of the whiskey. He wondered if she was even working tonight. It would be just his luck if she wasn't.

“Come on Mike, you could at least pretend you're enjoying the sights around here,” a drunken Dustin patted him on the back, gesturing at the big-breasted redhead currently gyrating on the pole in front of them. “We paid too much cover to *not* enjoy the night!”

He was right. It had been a \$50 cover charge to just get in the door, and the prices for drinks and bar “food” were downright rip-offs.

Mike tried to get into the spirit of things. Even if Eleven wasn't here tonight, well, he could at least sit back and enjoy the show. After all, this strip club was the only time that Mike Wheeler, nerd virgin extraordinaire, had seen a chick naked in real life. Mike decided it was better than porn, but only just barely.

“Alright gentleman - saddle up!” An obnoxious voice suddenly announced. The place darkened, and the spotlight turned onto the stage in front. “Cause these ladies wanna go for a ride! *Yeehaw* !”

Four girls strode out, decked out in little cowgirl costumes, while *Achey Breaky Heart* began to play on blast.

Mike couldn't help but stifle a groan - country music was even worse than the autotuned hip hop the club played on rotation - until he noticed who the fourth girl was.

She was decked out identically to the other three cowgirls - itty bitty cow print bikini top that barely covered her round, natural tits, a skimpy matching cow print thong that disappeared up her generous soft ass, all topped off with a wide-brimmed cowboy hat, cowboy boots with matching spurs, and old Western-style gunbelts slung at the hips over her thong.

She wasn't even in the center - just off to the side, grinding and gyrating in time with the other girls, but Mike was hypnotized.

Dustin did a finger-whistle, and Mike felt instinctively territorial until he realized that Dustin was whistling at Candy, one of the cowgirls front and center, who was strutting down the little runaway on stage, stripping off bits of her costume as she went.

By the time the girls were finished, Dustin was *wasted* and had flung more bills at the stage than anybody else. Candy had clearly noticed and Mike gulped as he realized the girls were making their way over to Mike and Dustin as the song ended, no doubt thanks to Dustin's generosity.

Candy was nearly completely nude by now, the only thing left on her were the boots and the gunbelt dangling over her bare pussy. It was too bad though because there was no way Dustin could appreciate it - at this point he was completely wasted.

"Dustin, you should slow down..." Mike heard himself saying through a veil of his own inebriation. But Dustin shushed him away with a dismissive hand as the other one wrapped around Candy's waist and she shimmied onto Dustin's lap as if she'd done it a thousand times.

Mike knew there was no getting through to Dustin now. He was a goner.

Not that it mattered. Mike had something else to attend to.

"Hey handsome," a sweet, delicate voice whispered in his ear. "I was wondering when I'd see you again."

///

Mike's dick had gone rock hard. He wasn't sure it was possible, since

he had gotten pretty sauced, but Eleven made it easy.

Dustin had insisted on staying by the stage to catch all of Candy's performances.

"Will you be up there too?" Mike had asked Eleven, but she shook her head no much to Mike's disappointment.

"Papa B says I'm not ready yet."

"Papa B - ?"

" - but we can go to the back," Eleven interrupted, wrinkling her nose (*in the cutest way* , Mike thought). "For a private dance?"

Mike had nodded dumbly. Was he dreaming? Had he gotten too drunk and fallen asleep somewhere and was dreaming this?

Eleven grinding in his lap, in a darkened back room somewhere.

It was just the two of them, and she still had on her getup from the cowgirl routine. Everything so far was still PG-13, but Mike's dick couldn't have been any harder.

For once in his life, Mike said a silent prayer of thanks for the alcohol. He was sure if he had been sober he'd have come in his pants by now.

Eleven ran her thumbs underneath the string bikini top. "Do you want to see...?" She looked up at him underneath long lashes, tugging playfully at her top as her nipples noticeably hardened and peaked underneath the thin strip of cloth.

Holy fuck.

"Y-yes," Mike nodded eagerly. "Yeah, I wanna see."

Eleven only giggled. "Silly. You can see....but it will cost you extra."

Mike's usual shy inhibition was gone, replaced by a drunken horniness. He blindly grabbed at the wad of cash in his back pocket, pulling out a twenty, then a fifty. Eleven grabbed the fifty, tucking it

into the gunbelt still slung loosely over her hips, and then she lowered the bikini straps over her shoulders, one at a time, until her plump tits spilled out.

Mike's mouth watered. Her pink little nipples were puckered and just begging to be sucked. He wanted to bury his head and then his dick in those tits, wanted them to smother his cock in between them until he came. He reached out without thinking to palm them but Eleven's reflexes were faster.

Quick as a whip she had smacked his hand away.

"I told you," She winked at him slyly. "You can look, but touching will cost you extra."

Mike wasn't sure exactly how long she danced for him. It could have been an hour, or 5 minutes. All he knew was that he was ready to cum in his pants, that he had the bluest balls in his life, and that he came away \$150 short when Candy burst into the room shouting about how he needed to clean up after his friend who'd thrown up all over the stage.

Mike was grateful he didn't get pulled over for drunken speeding on the way home. He raced the whole way to Dustin's, dropping him unceremoniously off at the front of his friend's house, and sped the rest of the way back to his off-campus apartment.

He was thankful that he had decided to get his own place for senior year instead of sharing a unit again with Lucas, because as soon as he got through his bedroom door, he dropped his trousers, pumped some lotion onto his dick, and went to town beating off to the thought of Eleven's tits, how he'd wished he could have tasted them, put his hands on them and *squeezed* until she squealed, what they would look like as they bounced as he fucked her, her tight and warm pussy, and the way his cum would glisten on her pink perky nipples.

He came hard into the tissues he kept handy at his desk, panting.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry this ended rather abruptly. If I didn't have ADHD the chapter would not have ended there and it would have continued on which is why the ending is abrupt, but....I'm too tired to write the rest just now (it's nearly 3AM as I post this XD). But, I've learned that you just gotta write when the inspiration strikes! Of course Mike will come back....It will continue on with the next time Mike and El meet, from El's POV....

And don't ask me if El and "Papa B" aka Brenner had a sexual relationship in this AU. The answer is NO. He's just out purely for money. If you get creepy about this I may block you :)

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

no smut in this chapter, though there's always gonna be ~adult themes~ in my works ;) expect for there to be less smut in general in my writing. after the year we've all had, can you blame me?

as is usual for me, my chapters tend to be rather short. i'm just not the type of person who can write alot and have the patience to NOT hit upload half way through :)

The next week, he was back.

El had hardly noticed him at first. She'd made it a habit not to pay too much attention to the clientele that frequented Miss Kitty's. It made the job easier, if she just thought about them all as faceless customers, walking checkbooks. Sometimes it was best if she didn't think about them at all, even when she was looking right at them.

She just focused on dancing, on doing what the job called for, night after night. It wasn't the life she thought she'd have, but she was damn good at it, and sometimes it was even fun, if she got tipsy enough.

So she hadn't noticed at all until Desiree said, "Hey, looks like your boyfriend's back" as they were collecting bills and walking off stage.

"Hmm?" El murmured absently, focused on the bills in her hand. Besides, Desiree always teased. It was common knowledge that El, unlike the other girls, didn't have a boyfriend, a fiancée, a husband, or even a sugar daddy.

"Oh come on, what are you saving it for?" Krystal had asked one night, before bursting into laughter. "*Marriage*?"

"It's not about sex," El had responded. "Sex is easy. I just - I don't know, I don't want a relationship. Any kind of relationship. I don't

trust guys like that.”

Most of the men El had known in her life had turned out to be liars, scumbags, deadbeats or disappointments. Her own father had run out on her after her mother had died and El had to be put in foster care. All she had of him was his last name.

And as she got older and grew into her curves, every boy that had come into her life had only wanted one thing, and it wasn't to love and cherish her. Somewhere a while ago El had lost her innocence, and she had decided that most guys were good for only one thing: profit.

Her work at Miss Kitty's had only confirmed that.

“Your boyfriend - Cheekbones?” Desiree nodded back towards the stage, where a lanky dark-haired boy with - yes, sharp cheekbones - sat off towards the side. He was nursing a beer and bouncing his right leg nervously. It was kind of cute.

“He's been here every weekend for like, the past month, and he always makes a beeline to wherever you're performing,” Desiree winked at her. “I think someone's got a crush.”

“Or a stalker,” El shrugged. She'd been at this long enough to know that sometimes too much attention from the clientele was not a good thing, no matter how much money was involved.

Desiree giggled, giving Cheekbones another once over. “Well, at least he'd be a cute stalker.”

///

Mike downed the last of his beer, tapping his feet restlessly. It was a habit he'd had since he was a kid, full of nervous energy and not sure what to do with it.

Eleven's set had just finished, and he had watched with rapt attention. She and another girl had been working the poles just in front of the bar area, stripping down to itty bitty glow-in-the-dark microbikinis.

Mike had been at Miss Kitty's for well over three hours now, and it was starting to get late. He'd told himself he'd get home by midnight at the latest - organic chem class started at 8am tomorrow.

He stifled a yawn and glanced at his wristwatch - 11:50, and Eleven had just walked off the stage. He knew Miss Kitty's didn't close for another three hours, but that was probably enough for today. It was definitely enough for his wallet, anyway.

Slapping cash on the bar for his tab, Mike swiveled towards the exit and nearly lurched right into a bikini-clad Eleven.

"What happened to your friend?" She was still wearing the same glow-in-the-dark get up she'd had on stage, except for a sheer wrap around her hips that only accentuated her luminescent g-string. Her lips were quirked in a sly smile.

She was teasing him.

"I - uh, D-Dustin?" Mike stammered. He was completely flustered, caught off guard, and he had never been good at talking to girls. Besides, he wasn't sure what to say to Eleven about it.

After a whirlwind month of romance, it seemed that Dustin and Candy's relationship had soured. It all started when Candy had posted a selfie of herself and her fiancée to Instagram. Dustin had been devastated - for all of 20 minutes. Then he'd posted a longwinded comment on the picture (*"....Candy, you'll always be milady, but I guess I just wasn't the Knight for you. Fare thee well my kween"*) and decided he was instead in love with the waitress who was serving them at Benny's, and that was that.

Mike had lost his excuse to keep going to Miss Kitty's, so now he just went by himself, without the Party's knowledge. He felt kind of like a loser about it, hiding around as if there was something wrong with the fact that he, a single, red-blooded (*constantly horny*) young man would go to a strip club.

Well, maybe there was.

Maybe he should be on Tinder or something and actually be going

out on dates with normal (*attainable*) girls instead of drinking alone in a sleazy strip club.

Maybe (*hopefully*) this was just a phase, and it would pass.

“Heard Candy broke his heart,” Eleven giggled.

“Yeah,” Mike couldn’t help but break into a smile too. The whole thing with Dustin *was* pretty funny, once you thought about it. Plus, Eleven was here, and she was actually *talking* to him, and smiling and everything too. “Sorry about Dustin. He can be a little....weird. But in an endearing sort of way.”

“Kind of like you?”

Did she just call him weird? *But she also called me endearing!*

Before he could stammer out another awkward response, she said, “Thanks for coming to see me tonight, Cheekbones.”

Eleven winked at him. “And don’t worry, I like weird.”

Author’s Note:

hey everyone. i'm back (?) visit my tumblr (but be nice...or else :)

<https://www.tumblr.com/blog/thottie-dottie>